For it is not only that Bijapur contains a few colossal masterpieces, but the whole area within Its walls, the size of Paris, is covered with the remains of palaces, mosques, tombs, tanks, and gateways, many in a perfect state of preservation. Yet all are empty and mournfully deserted. Once eager crowds filled the great Jama Musjid, and passing citizens gazed up awestruck at Mahommed Shah's erection, and each little gem mosque had Its own *clientele* of worshippers. Now we pass along empty streets, whose walls are tumbling into ruins. We penetrate into lonely halls, where we can but lament that their exquisite decorations should be left to feast the eye of the stray enthusiast who, forsaking the haunts of men, puts up with the discomforts of the dak bungalow in pity for their desolation.

Adil Shah and Chand Bibi also built the great tank of the city. The cool green water fills the huge square basin to which the broad steps lead us. Of all the world's cities, Bijapur has the most elaborate water-tanks. The sy-

barites of the desert city knew the enjoyments
of water to the full. There the fluid rivals the
falls of Lodore in intricacies. It doubles on
itself in the rills, and winds up and down

towers,